Tearing the *Thracian* ſinger, in their rage?
That is an olde deuiſe: and it was plaid,
When I from *Thebes* came laſt a conquerer.
The thriſe three Muſes, mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceaſt, in beggery?
That is ſome *Satire* keene and critticall,
Not ſorting with a nuptiall ceremony.
A tedious briefe Scene of young *Pyramus*
And his loue *Thiſby*; very tragicall mirth?
Merry, and tragicall? Tedious, and briefe? That is hot Ice,
And wõdrous ſtrange ſnow. How ſhall we find the cõcord
Of this diſcord?

Philoſt. A Play there is, my Lord, ſome ten words long;
Which is as briefe, as I haue knowne a play:
But, by ten words, my Lord it is too long:
Which makes it tedious. For in all the Play,
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragicall, my noble Lord, it is. For *Pyramus*,
Therein, doth kill himſelfe. Which when I ſaw
Rehearſt, I muſt confeſſe, made mine eyes water:
But more merry teares the paſſion of loud laughter
Neuer ſhed.

Theſe. What are they, that doe play it?

Phil. Hard handed men, that worke in *Athens* here,
Which neuer labour'd in their minds till now:
And now haue toyled their vnbreathed memories,
With this ſame Play, againſt your nuptiall.

The. And wee will heare it.

Phi. No, my noble Lord, it is not for you. I haue heard
It ouer, and it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Vnleſſe you can finde ſport in their entents,
Extreamely ſtretcht, and cond with cruell paine,
To do you ſeruice.

The. I will heare that play. For neuer any thing
Can be amiſſe, when ſimpleneſſe and duety tender it.

Goe

Goe bring them in, and take your place
Hip. I loue not to ſee wretchednesſe
And duety, in his ſeruice, periſhing.
The. Why, gentle ſweete, you ſhall ſee
Hip. He ſayes, they can doe nothing in
The. The kinder we, to giue them than
Our ſport ſhall be, to take what they miſ
And what poore duty cannot doe, nobl
Takes it in might, not merit.
Where I haue come, great Clerkes haue
To greete me, with premeditated welc
Where I haue ſeene them ſhiuer and loc
Make periods in the midſt of ſentences,
Throttle their practiz'd accent in their fe
And in concluſion dumbly haue broke
Not paying mee a welcome. Truſt me,
Out of this ſilence, yet, I pickt a welcom
And in the modeſty of fearefull duty,
I read as much, as from the rattling tong
Of ſaucy and audacious eloquence.
Loue, therefore, and tong-tide ſimplici
In leaſt, ſpeake moſt, to my capacity.

Philoſt. So pleaſe your Grace, the Pr

Duk. Let him approach.

Enter the Prologue.

Pro. If wee offend, it is with our good
That you ſhould thinke, we come not t
But with good will. To ſhew our ſimpl
That is the true beginning of our end.
Conſider then, we come but in deſpight
We doe not come, as minding to conte
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
Wee are not here. That you ſhould here
The Actors are at hand: and, by their ſho
You ſhall know all, that you are like to

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